

# The Gadfly

Unreliable Narrators Since 470 BCE

Issue #5

January, 2026

Five Cents



There is an issue sweeping the nation: animals are being abused at animal shelters. Your favourite lovable stray is probably being kicked right now. I—an animal lover and incredible journalist—want to investigate exactly what's going down in these shelters, for real.

However, the Pulitzer Prize isn't given to pencil-pushers who sit behind desks and do research; they give the prize to the people doing boots-on-the-ground work in the trenches. To truly understand the systemic failures in our system (and win a prize along the way), I realised I couldn't just interview a dog; I had to be a dog.

To blend in, I needed a convincing disguise. I checked The Gadfly's budget to see how much I could spend on a costume, but we're in the hole three hundred. I decided that journalism could wait for no man and checked my savings; nothing. My salary? It seems I work for free.

Damn communism.

In any case, something needed to be done about my disguise. Dogs have three main components: ears, tails,

**WEATHER:** Varies based on the mood, location, and disposition of the reader; generally sunny

**Satirical** [adjective] - /sə'tirikəl/  
"Exposing human folly to ridicule"

Example:  
The Gadfly is a satirical newspaper

Read Online:  
[www.thegadfly.news](http://www.thegadfly.news)



## Do Pound Dogs Dream of Pulitzers?

*Or: The 120 Days of Barking*

By Mateo Grgic

and whiskers. All other structures are basically the same between dogs and humans (like myself). To begin my transformation into a dog, I had to obfuscate my true nature; I had to elongate my ears, grow a tail, and not shave for a few days. Easy enough. Since we're so in debt, I figured I'd have to thrift it (which will make for a more compelling story for my prize!), meaning I'd have to improvise.

I found a few pieces of felt that felt approximately similar to a stray dog's ear and glued those onto my head. Ears? Check. I found an empty paper towel roll and taped that to my back. Tail? Check. I didn't shave while looking for those things. Whiskers? Check.

I checked my phone's camera; my disguise seemed to hold.

To get into the shelters, I needed a solid story. I decided that I would have my co-worker, Hassan, drop me off. He'd pretend to be a teary-eyed little girl dropping her beloved Rover off at the shelter, and I'd be the dog. And so, armed with a foolproof alibi, years of theatre school, and the best costume money could buy, I began my Pulitzer prep: journalism. Our plan went off without a

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*“And hopefully I survive the attempt”*

hitch. I was in the shelter, and Hassan was being consoled with ice cream in the room over from mine. It seemed that things were going well. Little did I know, they weren't. I was expected to eat kibble. I—had I been your standard-issue mangy mutt—would've had no problem with this, but there was a slight... disagreement of sorts: I'm not a dog (not really, at least).

Alas, I had to keep up the disguise. I am still surprised that my cover wasn't blown when the vet techs heard me swear in Dutch (*kankerzooi, godver de godver, etc*), but perhaps they thought I had a particularly weird case of the cold. It didn't take long for the pedestrian drivel-bowl to be empty—though I take no pride in saying that now. I was checked for any pressing diseases (none), and probed for a microchip (none, of course). I was then taken to the cages, and that was that.

I spent eight weeks in the cages; my days were full of the standard boring, monotonous dog fare, and a lot of waiting. The highlight of those weeks was when my colleagues would come, say hello, and occasionally give me an easily concealable human-grade toy. All in all, the shelters were boring above all else. A better writer than I could give you a creative description, with flowery prose, on the delicacies and subjugations of the water bowl, but I'm not that writer. Maybe the Pulitzer is out of reach, but maybe it isn't. Not yet, at least.

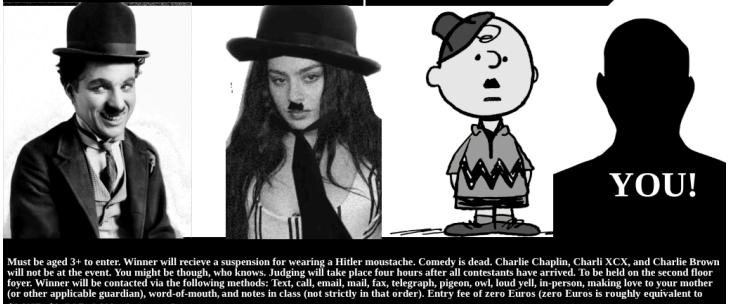
It took me noticing a fellow journalist from the rival newspaper in another cage to realise that my current take was a bit generic. Ivan Ochs was a notorious hack who wouldn't know a meaningful story if it bit him on the ass—which didn't bode well for my chances. That damn Ochs was wearing an even better disguise than I was. Probably leftover from the furry parties that they do over there... but I'm getting away from the point, not towards it. I needed a better angle, a scoop of some sort.

At the start of the ninth week, there was a new arrival. I liked him immediately. He was a Shetland terrier, and knew an immense amount of Machiavellian philosophy. We spent hours talking about our irks; our issues with the world—surprisingly, the topic of balls never came up—and we realised we were much alike. Geoff and I bonded over our mutual dislike for polka, and our disdain for the

brand of food they served here. I had got so used to his company that by the third month there, the lack of my bunkmate—once a relief—was disturbing. Something was wrong. Geoff was gone.

I asked the golden retriever next door, whom I was semi-friendly with, and even Ochs when I couldn't get a straight answer from the golden retriever. It seemed that while I was getting my routine checkup, Geoff had been bitten. They said he had a foaming mouth, and the more wizened dogs on our block told me, solemnly, he wouldn't be coming back.

## *Laurel Heights Charlie Chaplin Look-A-Like Contest!* February 19th, 2026



Must be aged 3+ to enter. Winner will receive a suspension for wearing a Hitler moustache. Comedy is dead. Charlie Chaplin, Charlie XCX, and Charlie Brown will not be at the event. You might be though, who knows. Judging will take place four hours after all contestants have arrived. To be held on the second floor foyer. Winner will be contacted via the following methods: Text, call, email, mail, fax, telegraph, pigeon, owl, loud yell, in-person, making love to your mother (or other applicable guardian), word-of-mouth, and notes in class (not strictly in that order). Entry fee of zero Euros (zero Euros is roughly equivalent to \$0 USD, \$0 CAD, 0 V-bucks even.) Swagger.

While I cried for my friend, the inner journalist within me rejoiced. There was my scoop; they're putting down dogs with minor illnesses to save on money! I decided to imitate my late friend Geoff as best as I could; they said he thrashed about and had a foaming mouth.

I swallowed half a tube of toothpaste and began practising interpretive dance. It wasn't long before a vet tech came into the room, saw my condition, noted my cellmate, and called the other vets. I was quickly restrained. I decided to keep up the act, just to see where this would go. I noted the signs as we walked—well, they walked; I crawled. I knew that we were going to the previously forbidden medical bay. This—now this—was my story; I could picture the pull quotes already: “It was like walking towards the gallows, except I crawled.”

There was much ado in the office itself; rubber gloves & sterile suits abouts. A man of lesser intellect would've thought they were scared of me, but I knew better. They were there to undertake the grand cost-cutting measure: ensuring there is one fewer mouth to feed. I was strapped

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*"This mixture of vagueness and sheer incompetence is the most marked characteristic of modern English prose"*

to the bed, and I silently laughed to myself. They'd have to give me the Pulitzer now!

As I watched the vet handle the needle, I tested my restraints. Solid. I grinned to myself—this would make for a good story. I watched with some satisfaction as the vet turned around, but then I quickly remembered what I'd forgotten earlier: I didn't ask anyone to come and pick me up.

Damn capitalism. I realised, with a lurch, that either I commit to the bit and win a post-mortem Pulitzer, or I could ask the vet to stop; I'd reveal that this was all a ruse, and get home to my beloved mountain'-o-debt and Gadfly plushie—sans Pulitzer.

As the vet got closer, I made my choice. I imagined a camera, pictured the bold font of the headline, and closed my eyes. Because where'd be the fun in living to see it all materialise?

## The Whirlwinds of Revolt

By Hassan Ahmed

January 15, 1968

*"The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges."*

*-Martin Luther King Jr.*

Today is one MLK's birthday. Now, I am a good white liberal. I believe in equality. There is nothing I believe in more. But these agitators need to stay in line and let the politicians do the talking.

King used to be good when he just talked about non-violence and gave speeches from podiums about change. But all these riots and boycotts are really making my life worse. My daily commute used to be 10 minutes: Now

it's 50 minutes, since the nearest Starbucks is in the next city over! And his silly speeches have inspired all sorts of people to take politics into their own hands. You have Malcolm X and his dangerous rhetoric permeating into American culture. And you have those Marxist Black Panthers with their free school lunch programs. I'm not racist or anything, I mean, I voted for Kennedy! "We all believe that poor black kids deserve the same rights as normal people" (Joseph Biden, 2017), but we have to operate within the system. How do these people ever expect to integrate into our culture if they won't play by our rules?

I think that the modern "civil" rights movement just doesn't respect our conservative brothers enough. I mean, they may be hosing you down and beating you on the head with their batons. But to me, well that's my uncle Bob! Let's face it, we're going to have to compromise with racists to get our social welfare agenda passed, so you better hold your tongue, King. We're all Americans, and we have to respect each other: America now, America tomorrow, America forever! Besides, nothing the right-wing bigots can do will be able to bend the march of progress, anyway. Look at how many people we used to hate, but are fine with now: The Irish, Italians, Catholics



in general, Mormons, heck, even the Japanese sometimes! We literally spend all of your taxes on propping up poor coloured dictatorships; that would've been unthinkable 50 years ago! Point is, just give them time, this whole 'rights' thing is pretty abstract anyway. Doesn't matter

“Gladfly?? No, I am not ‘fly’”

when it happens, as long as it eventually does, right?

And at the end of the day, you're just going to get yourself killed if you keep talking like this. Just moderate a little bit, and you won't be caught dead. I mean, look at RFK. Now that is a good, safe, upstanding, white man. He's never going to be killed, no siree. All it takes is for one conservative with a grudge and a gun. Maybe even a liberal, you never know! The government is also going to keep keen eyes on the black liberation folks. Especially because of all the Communism happening over in Africa. They view all black folks as inherently dangerous. Not that I believe that or anything, I only *vote* for the people who do!

This is a message to all my fellow liberals: It's time to boycott Dr. King. Not until he moderates and holds himself accountable to the Democratic machine. He's far too radical and is dragging white America down. Once he's old & retired in a few decades, you're more than welcome to twist his words and worship a caricature. Until then though, drop him.

## Announcing: The Gadfly Junior

By Mateo Grgic

*TL;DR: We have a new Instagram: @the.gadfly.news. Get yer brain rotted, find some silly giggles abound. Pls follow.*

According to the telemetry collected through our invisible self-spreading email viruses (which you could've opted out of by emailing my personal non-public unlisted email address), we have no choice but to come to a grim conclusion: nearly 100% of our audience are children; insufferable brats specifically of the ages between fourteen and eighteen years old. The ikle immature tykes of this tender age lack the mental capacity to read, engage with, and actually care about the complex and intellectually dangerous topics regularly tackled by our highly talented Gadfly

journalistic team; we're dumbing it down, so to speak.

Since we're pretty sure you bozos just read the headlines anyway and skip the hard work of “reading” and “thinking”, we don't think you'll be missing much in the way of actual content. As such, we're introducing a new newspaper format entirely tailored for the immature minds who predominantly glance through our newspaper and pretend they're actually engaging with our creative genius (most of our “readers” are “liars”).

For the three mature readers amongst us, be rest assured, The Gadfly will still be continued in its current long-form newspaper format. We frankly enjoy making The Gadfly way too much to let the public be happy we don't exist anymore. That earlier aforementioned telemetry tells us that, amongst other online activities (like worryingly high levels of internet pornography, and incredible levels of ChatGPT-fuelled academic dishonesty), our younger readers spend a terrifyingly high amount of time on social media.

TikTok and Instagram, from what we can tell, are where you degenerate “Gadfly Goons” spend your allotted twenty-eight hours per day of social media time. TikTok is out of the question; even we won't stoop to that level, so we made an Instagram account: It's *The Gadfly for Idiots* The Gadfly Junior; just go to [@the.gadfly.news!](https://www.instagram.com/the.gadfly.news/) There you will find our hottest short-form brainrot content. It's all cat pics, monosyllabic words, and “lol” content, since that's probably as much as you can realistically handle. We both know it's ChatGPT writing those essays. We are truly pioneering the concept of funny corporate social media, and I expect you to follow right now. I'll wait. No, really, I will.

When you children mature past your doom-scrolling age, the full & proper Gadfly will still be here, waiting. I'll see you there, hopefully. Who knows, maybe intellectualism died with the silent generation. That'd be so skibidi sigma 67 41 gyatt GOAT'ed, am I right, rizzler-fam?

P.S. My telemetry is really detailed. I know about that rash; you should get it checked out. It's pretty gross, and I think it's starting to get infected. It's not good for confidence, or sitting down.

# The Student Satirical Pipeline

By Hassan Ahmed & Mateo Grgic

Following a cold email that actually went somewhere for once, The Gadfly has officially partnered with TMU's Abnormal School in a landmark agreement on which nobody really knows the specifics. The deal has vindicated researchers who have been warning about a global rise in the Student Satirical Pipeline (SSP).

According to Dr. Snert, exposure to satire at a young age can affect the prefrontal cortex, potentially increasing its size by up to 10%; this growth is generally called a tumor. Students may begin to think like pseudo-intellectuals, overuse pretentious grammar they don't really understand, and may even start to think that they're funny.\* Once satiritis sets in, it is impossible to reverse: 100% of teens who contract the sickness die within the next century.

The Gadfly's bondage to The Abnormal School creates a pipeline from juvenile irony to slightly less juvenile sarcasm; this evil satire disease can now grow with you. From the depths of The Gadfly's Instagram reels, to the highs of The Abnormal School's archives, now satire is accessible for everyone. Except for the roughly 6 billion people who don't speak English—and the further 2 billion people who don't like reading it.

The Abnormal School has agreed to coach The Gadfly on how to become better at lying to the masses; in return, The Gadfly promises to provide a steady stream of highschoolers who still believe that satire can actually change anything.\*\* Parents, administrators, and other old folk are advised to remain vigilant and keep all children indoors. Experts warn that this partnership may go far beyond mere collaboration.

“Frankly, it's er-uh. It's grooming, but for opinions.” said



one expertly expertised expert. “I think as educators, we have to be proactive about stopping these things, and that starts by spreading awareness. Stuff like this didn't use to happen, kids read normal papers like The New York Times and that old Playboy Magazine. Those were the days....”

Satire exposure to people of ages older than “young ages” can lead to injury—and in extreme cases—death. The mind, once moulded by opinions formed in the late teenage years, is rigid. When satire expands the mind it sometimes causes the brain to shatter within the skull, leading to death or similarly debilitating mental illnesses, like liberalism.

When pressed for comment, Gadfly sources told our Gadfly undercover journalists that the TMU was important in advancing The Gadfly's evil plot. We were assured that it was too late now, and that total youth-corruption was imminent. According to The Gadfly:

“The “Sisterhood of Satire” is to be avoided by all good peoples; nothing good will come of it.”\*\*\*

\* They're not.

\*\* It can't.

\*\*\* I agree.

# Bore-Rutherford – An Open Letter

By Lianne Elkadri

Dear Mr Bohr-Rutherford,

I am speaking on behalf of thousands, if not millions of voices who have suffered for years due to your negligence and overall lack of regard for human life. Quite frankly, I find your lack of any semblance of morality to be not only inhuman, but also pretty uncalled for. For the sake of your convenience, I have boiled down your thousands of heinous actions against the human race to three main points, which will be highlighted in this letter. To put it bluntly, I hate you and pray that the afterlife is a painful one, as an eternity of suffering is a fair price to pay for the peace of mind brought by the idea of you atoning for your sins in the most unfavourable way possible.

As a “scientist”, you are credited with a rather impressive number of revolutions, namely in the vein of chemistry and atomic theory. While this would paint one as a virtuous individual, due to your incompetence and abysmal lack of common sense, these discoveries of yours only prove how terrible a person you are. July of 1913 marks the publishing of your first of three research papers on the concept now referred to as the Bohr-Rutherford Diagram. Free thinking is a rather admirable trait, but you, the big BR, have crossed the notsofine line from creative thinking to complete and utter idiocy. This crossing may just be the most impressive thing you’ve done, as it takes skill to be this stupid. In what world would it be necessary to draw out each and every electron orbiting the nucleus of an atom? Were the countless tests proving that noble gases do not react under normal conditions not enough to get it through your thick skull that valence electrons are the only electrons participating in reactions, and the need to draw the full shells as well?

As someone who had to draw out the Bohr-Rutherford model of Ogganesson, I can report with full confidence that your model is entirely redundant and insulting to anyone who has even the slightest respect for the sciences.

Another glaring issue is that your model claims that one can predict the location of a certain electron in orbit at a given time using the principal quantum number. This is simply untrue. Your reasoning as to why this is the case is so that you would likely have more success convincing people by telling them that the atom told you itself. In fact, your model is so flawed that it only works when describing hydrogen, the very first and most simple atom on the periodic table (no hate towards hydrogen). Did you really just not test it on any other element, and publish an entire theory based on a single conclusive result? conspiracy theorists provide more evidence than you, and at this point, merit more praise than you.

Finally, you confuse me, as I am this far in writing and am just now that you are two separate people. For the sake of my argument, I am going to refer as a single entity, as I refuse to them as due to their disgusting actions.-Rutherford, you have an ugly haircut. Collectively.

I hope that these constructive criticisms will encourage you, Rutherford, to change as a and attempt to make things right, despite the fact that nothing can make up for the catastrophic outcomes of your actions. I highly doubt it, as you seem to be the egocentric type, and will likely use this light feedback as a way to yourself, claiming that people are so mean to you. Either way, I hope this letter finds you unwell, and may you forever suffer for what you’ve done.



- Last seen on April 30 1945  
- Only friendly to people with blonde hair  
- Responds to "Wolf" or "Athalwolf"  
- Very Ambitious



# Section of Fun

Gerb's Inn by Hassan Ahmed



**Macclesfield beat Crystal Palace in Upset Victory!**  
Who is next? Macclesfield—a town so small you could probably fit the entire population on a hill—have gained worldwide attention after a shocking 2-1 victory against FA Cup superstars, Crystal Palace. After lobotomising their entire defence in an effort to make them lighter and faster, Crystal Palace conceded two goals on the 10th. The team has been eliminated and relegated to whatever is below the FA.

Many are now wondering what else is in store for the home town heroes. Xabi Alonso has gone on record saying he is interested in coaching the team, considering that he is now jobless. The Cheshire Champions are coming to rock the world of English football, and it truly does seem like no one is ready. The sky's the limit Macclesfield. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. - Hassan Ahmed

See if you can find the 10 hidden Gadflies throughout the newspaper!

There's one! →



Ask Harper with Hassan Ahmed

Dear Harper, What are your thoughts on the conflicts happening in the global south? I don't have time to form an opinion on all of them. - Yours in luxury, Illiterate reader

Dear Illiterate reader, They're not happening here, now are they? Revel in the fact that millions die every year so that people like you and I can get paid to do absolutely nothing. - Yours in disillusionment, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, Even with the Christmas break, I still feel terrible. What's wrong with me? - Yours in stress, Sinking reader

Dear Sinking reader, The things that are wrong with you happen to be the very same things you cannot control. Time does not heal wounds, but forgets them. So forget about yourself and your responsibilities to speed up the process. - Yours in shirking, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, My boyfriend cheated on me and we broke up. Now he's running for co-prime and seems to be doing better than ever. Any advice on how to find myself? - Questioning reader

Dear Questioning reader, Run against him and win? - Yours in spite, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, What does it mean to be a man? - Redpilled reader

Dear Redpilled reader, Truck.

# The Gadfly

Unreliable Narrators Since 470 BCE

"I've never read a book in my life"

## Farm of Animals by Hassan Ahmed



**A Comprehensive Guide to Murders:** It came to my attention that there aren't many accessible guides to murders on the internet. So I thought I'd fill that gap. I don't think this is illegal, but if you are an officer of the law, be warned that we are going to get quite detailed. First thing to know is that murders have to be intelligent, in order to weave around parliaments and other predators. Murders are also obviously a social exercise, with hundreds of murders crossing paths once the sun begins to fall. Murders are best left in secluded but easily maneuverable areas: an easy getaway is very important! Most murders aren't malicious, so if you are ever attacked just be patient; the pain will pass. Murders are also called cackles, but most people will understand if you just call them 'flocks of crows'! What curious animals! - Hassan Ahmed

Try this fun logic puzzle!



The Gadfly is currently down \$300 in overhead. If we sell each issue for 5¢, but it costs us \$2 to print each issue, how many issues must we sell to reach a total profit of \$10?



ANSWER: That's right, we need to sell 159 issues to make \$10!

## Ask Harper with Hassan Ahmed

Dear Harper, How do I cheat on my exams without getting caught? -Naughty reader

Dear Naughty reader, Write down all the answers beforehand and remember the cheat sheet. You will most probably fail but at the least you may rejoice in the fact that you were not caught - Yours in stupidity, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, I want to investigate the poor living conditions of pound dogs, but they won't let any non-staff enter the back. How do I accomplish this? - Gad Reader

Dear Gad reader, I suppose you could become a worker at the establishment, or you may fancy dressing up as a hound to blend in. - Yours barkfully, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, Do you love me? - Parasocial reader

Dear Parasocial reader, I'm flattered, darling. But buy a columnist dinner first, geez.

Dear Harper, What would you do if ICE was hypothetically breaking down your door right now? - Panicked reader

Dear Panicked reader, If innovation, creativity, and entrepreneurship are breaking down your door, then I say let it! Perhaps they can help you build less abstract and meaningless questions. - Yours in sincerity, Harper Artichoke

Doctors say you should read **The Gadfly**

...So why don't you!?

## In Defence of Al

By Mateo Grgic

Who is this Albert, and what does he want? Apparently, it's a population who knows how to use em-dashes, and I, for one, am fully supportive of the mission. I don't understand why people are so hostile towards him. For the first time in forever, I think the corporations have the correct idea.

I do think many of the current fears around Mr Albert are slightly unfounded. I don't imagine for a second that a single well-read man could replace more than 10 men, let alone an entire workforce. They must've upped the war on drugs since I last checked in on it—nothing else can explain this level of delusion.

Trying to get hold of the man for an interview is surprisingly difficult—though I suppose I shouldn't have expected different, given his purported output—and I couldn't even get a straight answer on where he lived. I mentioned this to one of my friends, and he went off on a—not very relevant, mind you—tangent about nephology. On a better day, I might've even cared, but not today. They talk, too, about hallucinations and inaccuracies, but if I had to write at the scale he did, I'd probably take up the bottle, too. Let the man have his vices.

That being said, however, I have observed another, more dangerous and worrying trend amongst the population: the purposeful diminishing of one's already poor language. They're avoiding em-dashes, semi-colons, and complex speech! Back in my day, we had stupid people. Now? Now we have stupid people pretending to be even stupider than they are, just so they don't appear similar to one of the most prolific academics of our age. It's baffling. When I started out in writing, I tried to imitate my favourite authors to improve my style.



Just because Albert is prolific doesn't mean that we, as individuals, have to purposefully diminish our language to prevent ourselves from appearing like Albert; I think



self-sabotage—in any form—is silly. Albert may be semi-competent and ubiquitous, but restricting ourselves from the common patterns of any self-respecting intellectual is not only plain silly, it's stupid.

I think Albert is a pseudo-intellectual who just read a lot of books, and now tries to imitate the works of previous masters of the English language—people who can actually write properly. He certainly writes like one of those greats, but isn't quite one himself.

So be relaxed; there is no way that Albert can replace your job. At most, he'll be a disproportionately influential character, championing the usage of em-dashes to a society that is decidedly anti-intellectual. If all it takes to upset the masses is a single man with a liking for gin and a quick wit, then we're in a more dire state than I expected.

Godspeed, Albert.

### INTRODUCING... The Community Board

Trying to pad your resumé and think that doing random unrelated school events without rhyme or reason is the way to guarantee your spot in a university you'll probably drop out of in 6 months?

Tell the world in The Gadfly!

Message us through [www.thegadfly.news](http://www.thegadfly.news)

# The Gadfly

*Unreliable Narrators Since 470 BCE*

Unreliable Narrators Since 470 BCE

*“I need you, the reader, to imagine us, for we don't really exist if you don't”*

**Sold to:**

## The Gadfly List (Real)

Dated: 12/16/2004  
Contract #: XXXXXXXXXX  
Building/Size:  
Product: XXXXXXXXXX

三

or [REDACTED]  
damage [REDACTED]  
shall [REDACTED], build [REDACTED],  
will [REDACTED]  
precise location [REDACTED]  
3 feet into the ground. [REDACTED]

3 feet into the ground.

void

#### REFERENCES AND NOTES

DATE

EFTA

# The Heavenerisation of Mr. Cheney

By Hassan Ahmed

Hear ye, hear ye! Read now, the story of the man who joined the fallen on the 3rd of November, in the Heaven Gazette. Let it be known to those far and near: the sound of heaven's copper cogs as they process the appeal of one Mr. Cheney. They say his appeal will be the fairest and the honest-est and the grandest that we have yet to receive! That is the truth and anything but is surely a dirty lie. Do not ask how I know: journalistic accounts, like this text itself, are plagiaristic in nature, you cannot endow within me trust without making yourself a full fool. There is no lawbook that a journalist is bound by, we are only stopped by 'precedents'. And so in an unprecedented age, there is nothing in the way of my reckless dishonesty! But back to Mr. Cheney and his application to be one with us in heaven. "Will he nill he, all that happens in heaven he needs must see." And just like his father and his father, they travel up the same old road to enter the gates.

*The rays of Amun-Ra fell on the American flag*

*In quick succession, the bells of Jupiter rang*

*His soul came up, into the cool autumn air*

*Then from below, a hand latched on with a scare*

It would do well to frame the narrative properly before falling into rhyme. The day it was the third. The month it was the eleventh. The hour I cannot well tell. The accounts contradict greater than a politician's promise and his governance.

"Monstrous messenger!"

the critic shouts, "Your metaphor feigns relatability. You cannot write so you hide behind devices; even this is written as though it requires a historian's translation!"

*It was then he caught a glimpse of heaven's ephemeral ray*

*He shook off hell's grasp and travelled into the day*

*And prepared for the road that so plainly before him lay*

Mr. Cheney would soon take his last breaths, as heart and lung both disappointed their duties. He waited for the fates to relieve him of his present condition, and wait he did for some time. As time passed, his family which had surrounded him previously had done all but stay by his side, and soon he was alone. Then, unlike his expectation, his soul was not accompanied by relief but by discomfort as it departed the hog-like body it had grown accustomed to.

As he prepared to be embraced by Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, he instead found himself a forgotten child in the squabbles of divorcing parents. Anubis and Hermes, stood in opposition to one another, arguing over Mr. Cheney's death. Anubis yelped, "Should he not stay on earth to fulfill his duties? He has massacred the Iraqi and pillaged the Afghan, but the Persian and Lebanese still serve to cause trouble!"

Hermes, in quick succession, argued back, "The poor man has done his part. It is the duty of the rest of the American Empire to impose the will of the white man. In any case, he is already here." And so they guided him to a closed pit. And when Mr. Cheney asked for heaven, Hermes informed the man of his limited duties. And with a thunderous quiet, launched him forward towards the demons of Galla.

*And so the Galla demons dragged him down a double-inch once*

*As the cries went unheard of that old war-mongering dunce*

*They, who know nor food nor drink nor pleasure*

*Resigned to the depths o' hell, a most required measure*

*The travel, slow and grueling and dipped in pain*

# The Gadfly

Unreliable Narrators Since 470 BCE

*"You can always count on a murderer for a fancy prose style"*

*The leisurely pace, far from a race, would make any insane*

*Author struggles to find the rhymes needed to finish the stanza*

*Returns to prose to finish the story of the demons o' Galla*

And finally his ghost had made it through, marking the last time his self would see the sun. They tell his last words on earth were used to say "Like a leaf, I am blowing in the wind, far far away. Back to heaven." Whether he said this or not, we cannot know, but certain as ever was his tendency to blow and be blown.

When word came down that Mr. Cheney had arrived in hell, Hades sent an entourage to investigate the most peculiar matter. The leader of the party was Iblees, who was so delighted to find a man of the book among all the pagan pandemonium. He inclined to take Mr. Cheney as a slave, but better judgement prevailed and instead he was taken to a council of the damned. And there better punishments were to be concocted.

Among the council were a great many ideas. Dante Alighieri proposed he remain exiled in the lands Mr. Cheney ravaged for all eternity. But this could not and would not suffice, for exile was altogether too honourable for a man of such shameful characteristics. And then it was The Duke of Wellington who advised him to be stuck in the jaws of warfare. But this too could not and would not suffice, for they all groaned in dread imagining the logistics and theatrics of such an organisation. And then it was Spartacus who considered Cheney fit for a slave, yet the Americans were already slaves and Mr. Cheney may have even delighted in the arrangement. Ultimately, the council concluded that their own sense of retribution blinded them well and sought a compromise. In the finality, it was a nameless civil servant who engineered the punishment. Sooner was Mr. Cheney lifted into a heated furnace then was given to him whitening cream. And as the furnace charred and blackened his skin, he applied the cream only for furnace to roar again.



# "Unique Individuals" and Their Defiance

By David Jedlovsky

As a student from Laurel Heights secondary school (formerly known as Sir John A. Macdonald), I feel morally obliged to state a issue that has been allowed to (grow) for far too long. It is to the extent that I have taken the steps to reach out to multiple student trustee candidates to attempt to resolve this massive crisis: students walking on the wrong side of the staircase.

It is baffling as to how students are unaware of such basic social rules. When the hallways get crowded, it is universally understood that one must keep to the right when travelling through the school stairs. Every day I feel the complete lack of care to this rule or spatial awareness given by those surrounding us.

The rules of stair and hallway navigation are not complicated nor controversial. Majority knows these are as clear as day, and universally understood by anyone who has existed in any shared public space for more than fifteen minutes.

At this point, it is impossible to believe that this problem comes from pure ignorance alone. Instead, this feels more like a deliberate attempt at defying social norms; to stand out by doing the exact opposite of what everyone else is doing. To those who feel this way: you are NOT it. This is not tough in any way, and rather inconvenient. You block peoples pathway to get to their classes and annoy everyone around you. Stay in your lane.

*"The One With the Nostalgia Bait"*



# The Gadfly

Unreliable Narrators Since 470 BCE

"If you play or sing this one in the wrong place you can get into severe trouble 



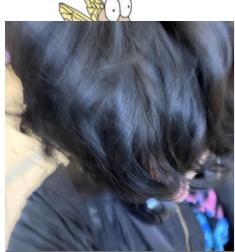
## MATEO GRGIC – Co-Founder, Writer, Steering Committee, Editor, Layout, Finances, Website

*Mateo Grgic* is a grade 11 student at Laurel Heights Secondary School. He was born & raised in Waterloo, Ontario. He co-founded 'The Backcast', a failed school newspaper with his friend Hassan Ahmed, which eventually got shut down for being too funny. Never ones to give up, they then started a new, legally distinct newspaper: The Gadfly. His favourite colour is neon green, and he enjoys cycling. He is also a corporate shill for Kagi, LibreWolf, and Fedora Linux!



## HASSAN AHMED – Co-Founder, Writer, Steering Committee, Secretary, Senior Ad Maker

*Hassan Ahmed* is a co-founder of The Gadfly, and an aspiring New York Times Bestselling Author. Born in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, he was deported for being too funny. He moved to the land that provided the most promise and opportunity for a young journalist; suburban Waterloo. With only 3 incidents involving the police, Hassan discovered one day that anyone can start a news publication if they tried hard enough, and here we are.



## LIANNE ELKADRI – Co-Founder, Writer, Steering Committee, Unpaid Artist, Holder of the Secret Knowledge

*Lianne Elkadri* is a journalist for the Gadfly, while also dedicating a significant amount of her time to thinking about what to do with her free time. She also never knows what to put in "about the author" sections, despite this being the first time she has had to write one. She enjoys music, collecting vinyl records, the colour red, space, turtles, physics, and geometry.



## DAVID JEDLOVSKY – Writer

*David Jedlovsy*, born before gen alpha kids, is a self-renowned journalistic investigator known for his achievements in cyberstalking his opponents. At the early age of 3, he noticed he had a knack for breakdancing and started working his way through the ranks. David is a professional music producer, collaborating with artists like Mozart, Debussy, developing diss tracks on haters. He now spends his time monitoring his teachers and friends' online social life.

